

[CHEAP REPOSITORY.]

[No. XII.]

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WAY TO PLENTY,

OR, THE

SECOND PART OF TOM WHITE.



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THE  
WAY TO PLENTY,  
OR, THE  
*HISTORY OF TOM WHITE.*

[CONCLUDED.]

**I** THANK you for the hint, sir, said the farmer, "I am resolved to rejoice though, and others shall rejoice with me: And we will have a merry night on't."

So Mrs. White dressed a very plentiful supper of meat and pudding; and spread out two tables. The farmer sat at the head of one, consisting of some of the neighbours, and all his work-people. At the other sat his wife, with two longbenches on each side of her. At these sat all the old and infirm poor, especially those who lived in the workhouse, and had no day of festivity to look forward to in the whole year but this. On the grass, in the little court, sat the children of his labourers, and of the other poor, whose employment it had been to gather flowers, and dress and adorn the horns of the

ram; for the farmer did not wish to put an end to any old custom, if it was innocent. His own children stood by the table, and he gave them plenty of pudding, which they carried to the children of the poor, with a little draught of cider to every one.

This feast though orderly and decent, was yet hearty and cheerful. Dr. Shepherd dropped in with a good deal of company he had at his house, and they were much pleased. When the Doctor saw how the aged and the infirm poor were enjoying themselves, he was much moved; he shook the farmer by the hand, and said, "But thou, when thou makest a feast, call the blind, and the lame, and the halt; they cannot recompence thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

"Sir," said the farmer, "'tis no great matter of expence, I kill a sheep of my own, potatoes are as plenty as blackberries, with people who have a little forethought. I save much more cider in the course of a year by never allowing any carousing in my kitchen, or drunkenness."



in my fields, than would supply many such feasts as these, so that I shall be never the poorer at Christmas. It is cheaper to make people happy, sir, than to make them drunk. The Doctor and the ladies condescended to walk from one table to the other, and heard many merry stories, but not one profane word, or one indecent song; so that he was not forced to the painful necessity either of reproving them, or leaving them in anger. When all was over they sung the sixty-fifth psalm, and the ladies all joined in it, and when they got home to the vicarage to tea, they declared they liked it better than any concert.

### *The HARD WINTER.*

In the famous cold winter of the present year, 1795, it was edifying to see how patiently farmer White bore that long and severe frost. Many of his sheep were frozen to death, but he thanked God that he had still many left. He continued to find in-door work that his men might not be out of employ. Mrs. White was so considerate, that just at that time she lessened the number of her hogs, that



she might have more whey and skim milk to assist poor families. Nay, I have known her live on boiled meat for a long while together, in a sickly season, because the pot-liquor made such a supply of broth for the sick poor. As the spring came on, and things grew worse, she never had a cake, a pye, or a pudding in her house; though she used to have plenty of these good things, and will again I hope when the present scarcity is over; though she says she never will use such white flour again, even if it should come down to five shillings a bushel.

All the parish now began to murmur. Farmer Jones was sure the frost had killed the wheat. Farmer Wilson said the rye would never come up. Brown the maltster insisted the barley was dead at the root. Butcher Jobbins said beef would be a shilling a pound. All declared there would not be a hop to brew with. The orchards were all blighted there would not be apples enough to make a pye; and as to hay there would be none to be had for love nor money. "I'll tell you what, said farmer White, the season is dreadful. The crops are unpro-

mising just now ; but 'tis too early to  
 to judge. Don't let us make things worse  
 than they are. We ought to comfort the  
 poor, and you are driving them to de-  
 pair. Don't you know how much God  
 was displeased with the murmurs of his  
 chosen people ? And yet, when they were  
 tired of manna he sent them quails ; but  
 all did not do. Nothing satisfies grum-  
 blers. We have a promise on our side,  
 that there shall be seed time and harvest  
 time to the end. Let us then hope for a  
 good day, but provide against an evil one.  
 Let us rather prevent the evil before it is  
 come upon us, than sink under it when it  
 comes. Grumbling can't help us. Acti-  
 vity can. Let us set about planting pota-  
 toes in every nook and corner, in case  
 the corn *should* fail, which however I don't  
 believe. Let us mend our management  
 before we are driven to it by actual want.  
 And if we allow our honest labourers to  
 plant a few potatoes for their families in  
 the head lands of our plowed fields, or  
 other waste bits of ground, it will do us no  
 harm, and be a great help to them."

The farmer had many temptations to  
 send his corn at an extravagant price to

a *certain sea port town*; but as he knew that it was intended to export it against law, he would not be tempted to encourage unlawful gain; so he threshed out a small mow at a time, and sold it to the neighbouring poor far below the market price. He served his own workmen first. This was the same to them as if he had raised their wages, and even better, as it was a benefit of which their families were sure to partake. If the poor in the next parish were more distressed than his own, he sold to them at the same rate. "For," said he, "there is no distinction of parishes in heaven, and though charity begins at home, yet it ought not to end there."

He had been used in good times now and then to catch a hare or a partridge, as he was qualified. But he now resolved to give up that pleasure. So he parted from a couple of spaniels he had; for he could not bear that his dogs should be eating the meat, or the milk which so many men, women, and children wanted.

### *The WHITE LOAF.*

ONE day, it was about the middle of July, 1795 when things seemed to be at the



dearest, and the Rulers of the land had agreed to set the example of eating nothing but coarse bread. Doctor Shepherd read, before sermon, in the church their public declaration, which the magistrates of the county sent him, and had also signed themselves. Mrs. White of course was at church, and commended it mightily. Next morning the Doctor took a walk over to the farmer's, in order to settle further plans for the relief of the parish. He was much surprised to meet Mrs. White's little maid Sally with a very small white loaf, which she had been buying at a shop. He said nothing to the girl, as he never thought it right to expose the faults of a mistress to her servant; but walked on, resolving to give Mrs. White a severe lecture for the first time in his life. He soon changed his mind, for on going into the kitchen the first person he saw was Tom the thatcher, who had had a sad fall from a ladder; his arm, which was slipped out of his sleeve, was swelled in a frightful manner. Mrs. White was standing at the dresser making the little white loaf into a poultice, which she laid upon the swelling in a large clean old cloth.

“ I ask your pardon, my good Sarah,” said the Doctor, “ I ought not, however appearances were against you, to have suspected that so humble and prudent a woman as you are, would be led either to indulge any daintiness of your own, or to fly in the face of your betters, by eating white bread while they are eating brown. Whenever I come here I see it is not needful to be rich in order to be charitable. A bountiful rich man would have sent Tom to a surgeon who would have done no more good for him than you have done; for in those inflammations the most skilful surgeon could only apply a poultice. Your kindness in dressing the wound yourself, will, I doubt not, perform the cure at the expence of that three-penny loaf and a little hog’s lard. And I will take care that Tom shall have a good supply of Rice from the Subscription.” “ And he shan’t want for skim milk,” said Mrs. White, and was he the best lord in the land, in the state he is in a dish of good rice milk would be better for him than the richest meat.

*The PARISH MEETING.*

ON the tenth of August the vestry held another meeting, to consult on the best method of further assisting the poor. The prospect of abundant crops now cheered every heart. Farmer White had a mind to be a little jocular with his desponding neighbours. Well, neighbour Jones," said he, "all the wheat was killed, I suppose. The barley all dead at the root. Farmer Jones looked sheepish, and said, to be sure the crops had turned out better than he thought, Then," said Dr. Shepherd, learn to trust Providence another time."

Among other things, they agreed to subscribe for a large quantity of rice, which was to be sold out to the poor at a very low price, and Mrs. White was so kind as to undertake the trouble of selling it. After their day's work was over, all who wished to buy at these reduced rates were ordered to come to the farm on the Tuesday evening. Dr. Sepherd dropped in at the same time, and when Mrs. White had done weighing her rice, the Doctor spoke as follows:



G. " My honest friends, it has pleased God to visit this land with a scarcity, to which we have been little accustomed. There are some idle evil minded people who are on the watch for public distresses, not that they may humble themselves under the mighty hand of God, (which is the true use to be made of all troubles) but that they may benefit themselves by disturbing the public peace. These people, by riot and drunkenness, double the evil which they pretend to cure. Riot will compleat our misfortune, while peace, industry, and good management, will go near to cure them. Bread to be sure is uncommonly dear. Among the various ways of making it cheaper, one is to reduce the quality of it, another, to lessen the quantity we consume. If we cannot get enough of coarse wheaten bread, let us mix one half of potatoes, and one half of wheat. This last is what I use in my own family. It is pleasant and wholesome. Our blessed Saviour ate barley bread you know, as we were told in one of the Numbers of the Cheap Repository, which I hope you have all heard; as I desired the master of the Sunday school to read it just after even

ing service, when I know many of the parents are apt to call in at the school. This is a good custom, and one of those little books shall be often read at that time.

“ My good women, I truly feel for you at this time of scarcity; and I am going to shew my good will, as much by my advice as my subscription. It is my duty, as your friend and minister, to tell you, that one half of your present hardships is owing to **BAD MANAGEMENT**. I often meet your children without shoes and stockings, with great luncheons of the very whitest bread, and that three times a day. Half that quantity, and still less if it were coarse, put into a dish of good onion or leek porridge, would make them an excellent breakfast. Many too of the very poorest of you eat your bread hot from the oven; this makes the difference of one loaf in five; I assure you 'tis what I cannot afford to do. Come Mrs. White, you must assist me a little. I am not very knowing in these matters myself: but I know that the rich would be twice as charitable, if the poor made a better use of their bounty. Mrs.

White do give these poor women a little advice how to make their pittance go further than it now does. When you lived with me you were famous for making us nice, cheap dishes, and I dare say you are not less notable now you manage for yourself."

"Indeed neighbours, said Mrs. White, what the good doctor says is very true. A halfpenny worth of oatmeal or groats, with a leek or onion, out of your own garden which costs nothing, a bit of salt, and a little coarse bread, will breakfast your whole family. It is a great mistake at any time to think a bit of meat so ruinous, and a great loaf of bread so cheap. A poor man gets seven or eight shillings a week; if he is careful he brings it home. I dare not say how much of this goes for tea in the afternoon, now sugar and butter are so dear, because I should have you all upon me, but, I will say that too much of this little goes even for bread, from a notion that it is the hardest fare. This at all times, but particularly just now, is bad management. Dry peas to be sure have been very dear lately but now they are plenty enough. I am



certain then, that if a shilling or two of the seven or eight was laid out for a bit of coarse beef, a sheep's head, or any such thing, it would be well bestowed. I would throw a couple of pounds of this into the pot with two or three handfuls of grey pease, an onion, and a little pepper. Then I would throw in cabbage, or turnip, and carrot; or any garden stuff that was most plenty; and let it stew two or three hours, and it will make a dish fit for his Majesty. The working man should have the meat: the children don't want it, the soup will be thick and substantial, and requires no bread.

### *R I C E   M I L K.*

"You who can get skim milk, as all our workmen can, have a great advantage. A quart of this, and a quarter of a pound of the rice you have just bought, a little bit of all-spice, and brown sugar, will make a dainty and a cheap dish."

"Bless your heart!" muttered Amy Grumble, who looked as dirty as a cinder-wench with her face and fingers all daubed with snuff; "rice milk indeed!" it is very

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nice to be sure for those who can dress it, but we have not a bit of coal; rice is of no use to us without firing." "And yet," said the Doctor, "I see your tea-kettle boiling twice every day, as I pass by the poor-house, and fresh butter at eleven-pence a pound on your shelf." "O dear, sir," cried Amy, "a few sticks serve to boil the tea-kettle." "And a few more," said the Doctor, "will boil the rice milk, and give twice the nourishment at a quarter of the expence."

### RICE PUDDING.

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"PRAY *Sarah*," said the Doctor, "how did you use to make that pudding my children were so fond of? And I remember when it was cold, we used to have it in the parlour for supper." "Nothing more easy," said Mrs. White. "I put half a pound of rice, two quarts of skim milk, and two ounces of brown sugar." "Well," said the Doctor, "and how many will this dine?" "Seven or eight, sir," very well, and what will it cost?" "Why, sir, it did not cost you so much because we baked it at home, and I used our own milk; it will not cost above se-

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ven-pence to those who pay for both. Here too bread is saved."

" Pray, Sarah, let me put in a word," said farmer White. " I advise my men to raise each a large bed of parsnips. They are very nourishing, and very profitable. Sixpennyworth of seed, well sowed, and trod in, will produce more meals than four sacks of potatoes ; and what is material to you who have so little ground, it will not require more than an eighth part of the ground which the four sacks will take. Parsnips are very good the second day warmed in the frying-pan, and a little rasher of pork or bacon will give them a nice flavour."

Dr. Shepherd now said, " as a proof of the nourishing quality of parsnips, I was reading in a history book this very day, that the American Indians make a great part of their bread of parsnips, though Indian corn is so famous : it will make a little variety too."

" I remember," said Mrs. White, " a cheap dish, so nice that it makes my mouth water. I peel some raw potatoes,



slice them thin, put the slices into a deep frying-pan, or pot, with a little water, an onion, and a bit of pepper. Then I get a bone or two of a breast of mutton, or a little strip of salt pork, and put into it. Cover it down close, keep in the steam, and let it stew for an hour."

" You really get me an appetite, Mrs. White by your dainty receipts," said the Doctor. " I am resolved to have this dish at my own table." " I could tell you another very good dish, and still cheaper," answered she. " Come, let us have it," cried the Doctor. " I shall write all down as soon as I get home, and I will favour any body with a copy of these receipts who will call at my house." " And I will do more, Sir," said Mrs. White, " for I will put any of these women in the way how to dress it, the first time, if they are at a loss. But this is my dish.

" Take two or three pickled herrings, put them into a stone jar, filled up with potatoes, and a little water, and let it bake in the oven till it is done. I would give one hint more," added she; " I have taken to use nothing but potatoe starch;

and though I say it that should not say it, nobody's linen in a common way looks better than ours."

The Doctor now said, "I am sorry for one hardship which many poor people labour under. I mean the difficulty of getting a little milk. I wish all farmers wives were as considerate as you are, Mrs. White. A little milk is a great comfort to the poor, especially when their children are sick. And I have known it answer to the feller as well as to the buyer, to keep a cow or two on purpose to sell it out by the quart."

"Sir," said farmer White, "I beg leave to say a word to the men, if you please, for all your advice goes to the women. If you will drink less Gin you may get more meat. If you abstain from the ale-house you may many of you get a little good beer at home." "Aye, that we can Farmer," said poor Tom the thatcher, who was now got well. "Easter Monday for that—I say no more.—A word to the wife." The Farmer smiled and went on. "The number of public houses in many a parish brings on more hunger

and rags than all the taxes in it heavy as they are. All the other evils put together hardly make up the sum of that one. We are now raising a fresh subscription for you. This will be our rule of giving. We will not give to Sots, Gamblers, and Sabbath breakers. Those who do not set their young children to work on week days, and send them to school on Sundays, deserve little favour. No man should keep a dog till he has more food than his family wants. If he feeds them at home they rob his children; if he starves them, they rob his neighbours. We have heard in a neighbouring city that some people carried back the subscription loaves because they were too coarse; but we hope better things of you." Here Betty Plane begged with all humility, to put in a word. "Certainly," said the Doctor, "we will listen to all modest complaints, and try to redress them." "You were pleased to say, sir," said she, "that we might find much comfort from buying coarse bits of beef. And so we might, but you do not know, sir, that we can seldom get them, even when we had the money, and times were not so bad." How so, Betty?" "Sir, when we go to butcher Jobbins for a bit



of shin, or any other lean pieces, his answer is, " You can't have it to-day. The cook at the great house has bespoke it for gravy, or the Doctor's maid (begging your pardon, sir) has just ordered it for soup. Now, sir, if such kind gentlefolks were aware that this gravy and soup not only consume a great deal of meat, (which, to be sure, those have a right to use who can pay for it) but that it takes away those coarse pieces which the poor would buy, if they bought at all, I am sure they would not do it. For indeed the rich have been very kind, and I don't know what we should have done without them."

" I thank you for the hint Betty," said the Doctor, " and I assure you I will have no more gravy soup. My garden will supply me with soups, that are both wholesomer and better. And I will answer for my lady at the great house that she will do the same. I hope that this will become a general rule, and then we shall expect that the butchers will favour you in the prices of the coarse pieces, if we buy nothing but the prime. In our gifts we shall prefer, as the farmer has told

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you, those who keep steadily to their work ; Such as come to the vestry for a loaf, and do not come to church for the sermon, we shall mark ; and prefer those who come constantly whether there are any gifts or not. But there is one rule from which we never will depart. Those who have been seen aiding or abetting any Riot, any attack on butchers, bakers, wheat mows, mills, or millers, we will not relieve. With the quiet, contented, hard-working man, I will share my last morsel of bread. I shall only add, that though it has pleased God to send us this visitation as a punishment, yet we may convert this short trial into a lasting blessing, if we all turn over a new leaf. Prosperity has made most of us careless. The thoughtless profusion of some of the rich could only be exceeded by the idleness and bad management of some of the poor. Let us now at last adopt that good old maxim, **EVERY ONE MEND ONE.** And may God add his blessing !”

The people now cheerfully departed with their rice, resolving, as many of them as could get milk, to put one of Mrs. White's receipts in practice that very night ; and a rare supper they had.

T H E  
G R A N D A S S I Z E S ;

O R

*General Goal Delivery.*

**T**HERE was in a certain country a great King, who was also a Judge. He was very merciful, but he was also very just; for he used to say, that justice was the foundation of all goodness. His subjects were apt enough, in a general way, to extol his merciful temper, and especially those subjects who were always committing crimes which made them liable to be punished by his justice. This last quality they constantly kept out of sight, till they had cheated themselves into a notion that he was too good to punish at all.

Now it had happened a long time before, that this whole people had broken their allegiance, and had forfeited the Kings' favor, and had also fallen from a



very prosperous state in which he had placed them, having one and all become bankrupts: but when they were over head and ears in debt, and had nothing to pay, the King's son most generously took the whole burthen of their debts on himself; and, in short, it was proposed that all their affairs should be settled, and their very crimes forgiven, (for they were criminals as well as debtors) provided only they would shew themselves to be sorry for what they had done themselves, and be thankful for what was done for them. I should here remark, that a book was also given them, in which a true and faithful account of their own rebellion was written; and of the manner of obtaining the King's pardon, together with a variety of directions for their conduct in the time to come; and in this book it was particularly mentioned, that after having lived a certain number of years in a part of the same King's country, and under his eye and jurisdiction, there should be a Grand Assizes, when every one was to be publicly tried for his past behaviour, and after this trial was over, certain heavy punishments were to be inflicted on those who should

have still persisted in their rebellion, and certain high premiums were to be bestowed as a gracious reward upon the obedient.

It may be proper here to notice, that this King's Court differed in some respects from our Courts of Justice, being indeed a sort of Court of Appeal, to which questions were carried after they had been imperfectly decided in the Common Courts. And although with us all criminals are tried, and very properly in my opinion, by a Jury of their Peers, yet in this King's country the mode was very different; for since every one of the people had been in a certain sense criminals, the King did not think it fair to make them judges also. It would indeed have been impossible to follow in all respects the customs which prevail with us, for the crimes with which men are charged in our Courts are mere overt acts, as the Lawyers call them, that is, acts which regard the outward behaviour; such as the acts of striking, maiming, stealing, and so forth. But in the King's Court it was not merely outward sins, but sins of the heart also which were to be punished.

Many a crime, therefore, which was never heard of in the Court of King's bench, or at the Old Bailey, was here to be brought to light, and was reserved for this great day. Among these were Pride and Oppression, and Envy, and Malice, and Revenge, and Covetousness, and Secret Vanity of Mind, and Evil Thoughts of all sorts, and all evil Wishes and Desires. When Covetousness, indeed, put men on committing Robbery, or when Malice drove them to an act of Murder, then the common Courts immediately judged the criminal, without waiting for these Great Assizes; nevertheless, since even a Thief and Murderer would now and then escape in the common Courts, for want of evidence, or through some fault or other of the Judge or Jury, the escape was of little moment for the poor criminal, for he was sure to be tried again by this great King; and even though he should have been punished in some sense before, yet he had now a farther punishment to fear, unless, indeed, he was one of those, who had obtained, by the means I before spoke of, this great King's pardon. The sins of the heart, however, were by far the



most numerous sort of sins, which were to come before this great Tribunal; and these were to be judged by this great King in person, and by none but himself; because he possessed a certain power of getting at all secrets.

I once heard of a certain King of Sicily, who built a whispering gallery in the form of an ear, through which he could hear every word his rebellious subjects uttered, though spoken ever so low. But this secret of the King of Sicily was nothing to what this great King possessed; for He had the power of knowing every thought which was conceived in the mind, though it never broke out into words, or proceeded to actions.

Now you may be ready to think, perhaps, that these people were worse off than any others, because they were to be examined so closely, and judged so strictly; far from it; the King was too just to expect bricks without giving them straw; he gave them, therefore, every help that they needed. He gave them a book of directions, as I before observed; and because they were naturally short-sighted, he sup-

plied them with a glafs for reading it, and thus the moft dim-fighted might fee, if he did not wilfully fhut his eyes: but though the King *invited* them to open their eyes, he did not *compel* them; and many remained ftone blind all their lives with the book in their hand, becaufe they would not ufe the glafs, nor take the proper means for reading and underftanding all that was written for them. The humble and fincere learnt in time, to fee even that part of the book which was leaft plainly written; and it was obferved that the ability to underftand it depended more on the heart than the head; an evil difpofition blinded the fight, while humility operated like an eye-falve.

Now it happened that thofe who had been fo lucky as to efcape the punifhment of the lower Courts, took it into their heads that they were all very good fort of people, and of courfe very fafe from any danger of this *Great Affize*. This grand intended trial had been talked of fo much, and put off fo long, (for it had feemed long at leaft to thefe fhort-fighted people,) that many perfuaded themfelves it would never take place at all; and far the great-

er part were living away therefore without ever thinking about it; they went on just as if nothing at all had been done for their benefit; and as if they had no King to please, no King's son to be thankful to, no book to guide themselves by, and as if the affizes were never to come about.

But with this King "a thousand years were as one day, for he was not slack concerning his promises, as some men count slackness." So at length the solemn period approached. Still, however, the people did not prepare for the solemnity, or rather, they prepared for it much as some of the people in our towns are apt to prepare for the Affize times; I mean by balls and feasting, and they saw their own trial come on, with as little concern as is felt by the people in our streets, when they see the Judge's procession enter the town, who indeed comfort themselves that it is only those in the prisons who are guilty.

But when at last the day came and every man found that he was to be judged for himself, and that some how or other, all his secrets were brought out,



and that there was now no escape, things began to take a more serious turn. Some of the criminals were got together debating in an outer Court of the Grand Hall, and there they passed their time, not in compunction and tears, not in comparing their lives with what was required in that book which had been given them, but in comparing themselves with such as had been still more notorious offenders.

One who had grown wealthy by rapine and oppression, but had contrived to keep within the letter of the law, insulted a poor fellow as a thief, because he had stolen a loaf of bread. "You were far wickeder than I was, said a Citizen to his Apprentice, for you drank and swore at the ale-house every Sunday night." "Yes," said the poor fellow, "but it was your fault that I did so, for you took no care of my soul, but spent all your Sabbaths in jaunting abroad or in rioting at home; I might have learnt, but there was no one to teach me; I might have followed a good example, but I saw only bad ones. I sinned against less light than you did." A drunken journeyman, who had spent all his wages on gin, took com-

fort that he had not spent a great estate in Bribery at Elections, as the Lord of his Manor had done, while a perjured Elector boasted that he was no drunkard like the journeyman.

I have not room to describe the awful pomp of the Court, nor the terrible sounding of the trumpet which attended the Judge's entrance, nor the sitting of the Judge, nor the opening of the books, nor the crowding of the millions, who stood before him. I shall pass over the multitudes who were tried and condemned to dungeons and chains, and fire, and perpetual banishment, from the presence of the King, which always seemed to be the saddest part of the sentence. I shall only notice further, a few who brought some plea of merit, and claimed a right to be rewarded by the King, and even deceived themselves so far as to think that his own book of laws would be their justification.

A thoughtless Spendthrift advanced without any contrition, and said, "that he had lived handsomely, and had hated

the covetous whom God abhorreth, and that he trusted in that passage of the book which said, that 'Covetousness was Idol-try;' and that he therefore hoped for a favorable sentence.' It proved that this man had not only avoided Covetousness, but he had even left his wife and children in want through his excessive prodigality. The Judge immediately pointed to that place in the Book where it is written, he that provideth not for his household, is worse than an Infidel. He that liveth in pleasure is dead while he liveth; "thou," said he, "in thy life time, received'st thy good things, and now thou must be tormented."—Then a miser, whom hunger and hoarding had worn to skin and bone, crept forward and praised the sentence passed on this extravagant youth, "and surely," said he, "since he is condemned, I am the man that may make some plea to favor—I was never idle or drunk, I kept my body in subjection. I have been so self-denying that I am certainly a Saint: I have loved neither father nor mother, nor wife, nor children to excess, in all this I have obeyed the book of the law,—Then the Judge said, "but where are thy works of



mercy and thy labors of love? see that  
 family which perished in thy fight last  
 hard winter, while thy barns were over-  
 verflowing; that poor family were my re-  
 presentatives, yet they were hungry  
 and thou gavest them no meat." "Go to  
 now, thou rich man, weep and howl for  
 the miseries that are come upon you  
 Your gold and your silver is cankered  
 and the rust of them shall be a witness  
 against you, and shall eat your flesh as  
 it were fire."—Then came up one with  
 a most self sufficient air, He walked up  
 boldly, having in one hand the plan of  
 an Hospital which he had built, and in  
 the other the drawing of a statue, which  
 was erecting for him in the country that  
 he had just left, and on his forehead ap-  
 peared, in Gold Letters, the List of all  
 the Public Charities to which he had  
 subscribed. He seemed to take great  
 pleasure in the condemnation of the  
 Miser, and said, "Lord, where saw I thee  
 hungry and fed thee not, or in prison  
 and visited thee not? I have visited the  
 fatherless and widow in their affliction."  
 —Here the Judge cut him short by saying  
 "True, thou didst visit the fatherless  
 but didst thou fulfil equally that oth-

part of my command to keep thyself unpotted from the world. No, thou wert conformed to the world in many of its sinful customs, " thou didst follow a multitude to do evil ; " " thou didst love the world and the things of the world : " and the motive to all thy charities was not a regard to me but to thy own credit with thy fellow men. Thou hast done every thing for the sake of reputation, and now thou art vainly trusting in thy works, instead of putting all thy trust in my Son, who has offered himself to be a surety for thee. Where has been that humility and gratitude to him which was required of thee. No, thou wouldst be thine own surety : thou hast trusted in thyself : thou hast made thy boast of thine own goodness ; thou hast fought after and thou hast enjoyed the praise of great men, and verily I say unto thee, " thou hast thy reward."

A poor diseased blind cripple, from the very Hospital which this great man had built, then fell prostrate on his face, crying out, " Lord be merciful to me a sinner ! " on which the Judge, to the surprise of all, said, Well done, good and

faithful servant." The poor man replied, "Lord, I have done nothing! but thou hast *suffered*." "*Well*," said the Judge; "thou hast been an example of patience and meekness, and though thou hadst but few talents, yet thou hast well improved those few; thou hadst time, this thou didst spend in the humble duties of thy station, and also in earnest prayer, even for that proud Founder of thine Hospital, who never prayed for himself; thou wast indeed blind and lame but it is no where said, my Son give me thy feet, or thine eyes, but *give me thy heart*; and even the faculties I did grant thee, were employed to my glory; with thine ears thou didst listen to my word with thy tongue thou didst shew forth my praise, Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.—There were several who came forward and boasted of some single and particular virtue, in which they had been supposed to excel. One talked of his generosity, another of his courage, and a third of his fortitude; but it proved, on close examination, that some of those supposed virtues were merely the effect of a particular constitution of body: that others proceeded from a false motive, and




an re at not a few of them were actual vices,  
 g! bu ce they were carried to excess; and  
 id th der the pretence of fulfilling one duty,  
 ple o me other duty was lost sight of; in  
 h tho ort, these partial virtues were none of  
 ft we em done in obedience to the will of the  
 time ing, but merely to please the person's  
 le du wn humour, and they would not, there-  
 earne re, stand this day's trial, for "he that  
 der o eepeth the whole law, and yet wilfully  
 ed fo nd habitually offends in any one point,  
 lame as declared guilty of breaking the  
 ve m whole.

ne th  
 gran At this moment a sort of thick scales  
 with ell from the eyes of the multitude. They  
 word ould now no longer take comfort by  
 th my easuring their neighbours' conduct a-  
 of th ainst their own. Each at once found  
 came himself in his true light, and saw, alas!  
 e and when it was too late, that he should have  
 d been made the book which had been given him  
 is ge his rule of practice before, since it now  
 and proved to be the rule by which he was  
 ed, o to be judged. Nay, every one now  
 e sup thought himself even worse than his  
 t of a neighbour, because, while he only saw  
 at o and *heard* of the guilt of others, he *felt*  
 , and his own in all its aggravated horrors.

To complete their confusion, they were compelled to acknowledge the justice of the judge who condemned them, and also to approve the favorable sentence by which thousands of other criminals had not only their lives saved, but were made happy and glorious beyond all imagination, and all this was in consequence of their sincere repentance, and their humble acceptance of the pardon offered to them by the King's Son. One thing was remarkable, that whilst most of them who were condemned never expected condemnation, but even claimed reward for their supposed innocence or goodness, all who were rewarded or forgiven were sensible, that they owed every thing to a mere act of grace, and they cried out with one voice, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise!!!"

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THE END.

 Next Week will be published, the History of the Cheap-side Apprentice.

professed to believe, the communion of  
 saints, viz. that sympathy of heart and  
 soul which unites and endears good peo-  
 ple to each other. I shall never forget  
 how the poor excellent creature seemed  
 to hang upon my lips, and to eat my ve-  
 ry words, when I enlarged upon the boun-  
 ty and tender mercy of God, the frequent  
 and delightful sense he gives of his pre-  
 sence by the refreshings of a quiet consci-  
 ence, and the composure of a tranquil  
 mind; the faith he bestows in his promises  
 to those who labour to obtain it, and use  
 what means are afforded them for that  
 purpose; the victories this faith enables  
 them to get over trials and temptations,  
 the joy and peace in thus believing the  
 hope in life and death, and the glorious  
 expectation of immortality (of being rai-  
 sed from the dead, to die no more.) To  
 have taken off his eager, delighted, ani-  
 mated air and manner, would have been  
 a master-piece for a painter. He had ne-  
 ver heard such discourse, nor found the  
 opportunity of hearing it before. He  
 seemed like a man who had been thrown  
 into a new world, and at length had found  
 company. Though my conversation last-  
 ed at least two or three hours, I scarce



n of ever enjoyed the happy swiftness of time  
 and so sweetly in all my life. We knew not  
 how to part. He would accompany me  
 as far as he might ; and I felt, for my part,  
 such a delight in the artless, solid, unaf-  
 fected, sensible talk of this good soul, that  
 I could have been glad to see him often  
 then, or to see his like at any time now.  
 But my situation rendered this impossible.  
 I therefore took an affectionate adieu,  
 with a kindness equal to the most anti-  
 quient friendship, telling him that neither  
 the colour of his body, nor the condition  
 of his present life, could prevent him  
 from being my brother in our common  
 father ; that though we must part never  
 to see each other again any more in this  
 world, I had no doubt of our having an-  
 other joyful meeting in our father's home,  
 where we should live together, and love  
 one another throughout a long and a hap-  
 py eternity. " Amen, Amen, my dear  
 maffah . God blefs you, and poor me too,  
 for ever and ever." If I had been an an-  
 gel from heaven, he could not have recei-  
 ved me with more evident delight than  
 he did ; nor could I have considered him  
 with more regard, if he had been a long  
 known christian of the good old sort,

grown up into my affections in the course of many years."

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This story shews us that GOD despises not labourers on account of their poverty, or negroes on account of their colour.

It shews us that religion, and that only will make a man content and comfortable in the lowest situations.

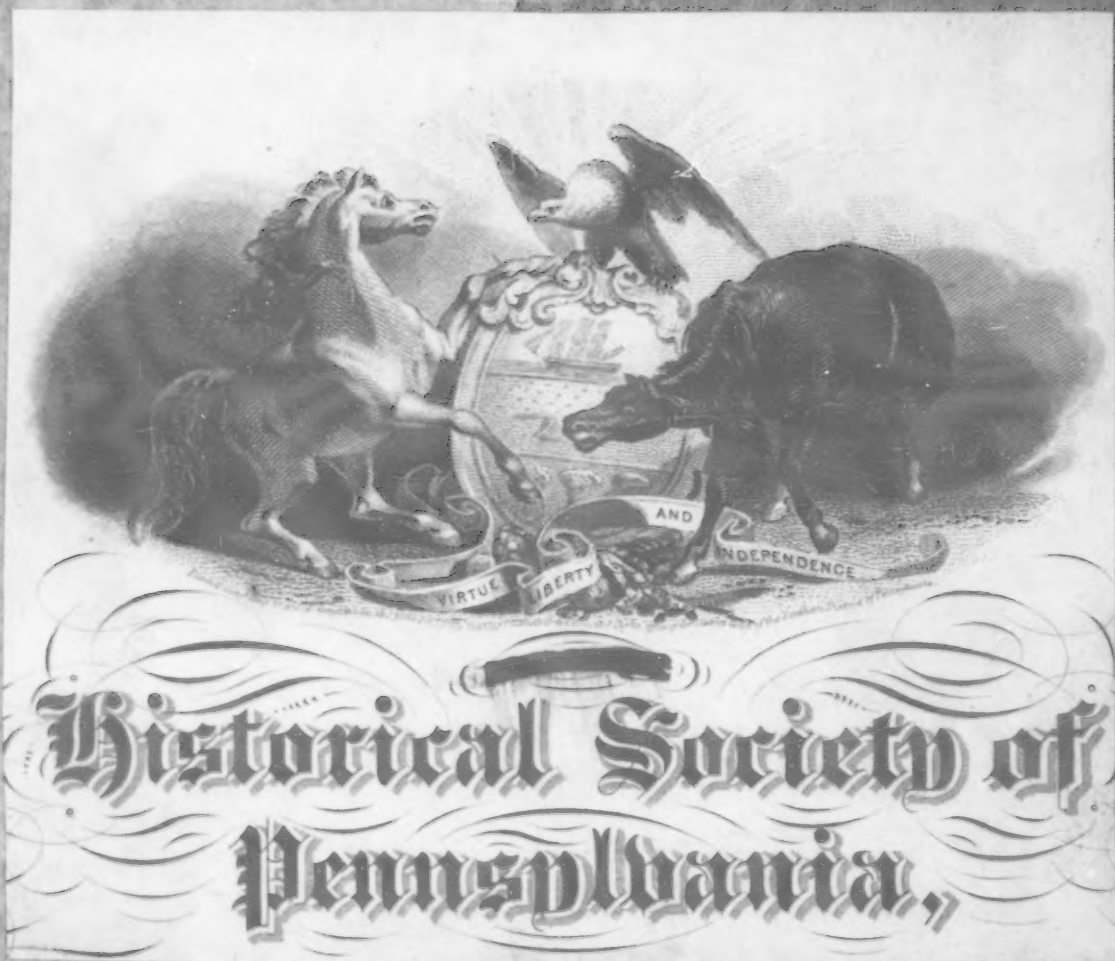
It testifies the value of the bible, which appears to have been the means of doing so much service to this poor negro, by the grace of God assisting his diligent application to it.

Perhaps it may serve to fill us with shame when we reflect, that with all our great and superior advantages, our knowledge and obedience are far from being equal to what seems to have been the case with this poor, but virtuous negro.

*F I N I S.*

 Next week will be published, the History of Tom White the Possilion.

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